



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

tone as a picture can be. The other great Fortuny is the "Algerian Snake-charmer." He is a flexible, half-nude young fellow, lying on his breast on a rug; the snake, very flat on the ground, and apparently crawling before the eye, yawns in front, within a few inches of his head. A spectrally lean old Arab, his valuable countenance hooded in invisibility, squats just beyond, and a secretary-bird, or something of that kind, with a long, stiff leg, and a beak like a butcher's knife meditates in front. The effect is a sombre twilight one, and the striped tents lie in the distance like a mountain range. This is still more a masterpiece of pure technic than the first; the flatness with which the foreground figure lies on that lean stomach of his, the ease with which the bones of his legs roll from their sockets over one another as they cross, are all understood by a sapient doctor of design. This is one of the achievements that the nineteenth century may confidently put beside any old master of the past.

The best of the Boldinis is almost up to the first-named Fortunys. It represents French washer-women kneeling at the river; the retrogressive of their figures in perspective, as they crouch in a curved line along the circling bank, is admirable—they are so well in place, and so solidly placed on the ground. The white lumps of cloud-dissolving in the intense ether like loaf-sugar in the blue flame of brandy-coffee, are equally successful as these of the "Portici," though with less ease and carelessness in manner of painting. And the Boldini represents, "The Park of Versailles in the Eighteenth Century," with gallants making a leg to fine ladies in sedan chairs. The modish insincerity of their poses takes away from the seeming merit of an artist who really can design the figure very well. The décolleté necks and pinchable little arms of these microscopic puppets show great mastery of flesh-quality, and the blue glint of reflected light from the foliage is a bit of nature-truth that nobody began to see till the "Spanish-Roman" school arose.

But this preparatory article, unsatisfactory from the very nature of matters, may as well here close. It is only fit to read as a foretaste of things better yet to be. Remembering that the great "1807" of Meissonier, and a host of other important works, are yet to come, the Cicero withdraws promptly, saving for himself, this time, at least, the grace of modesty and curt expression. The heavy artillery is all in the rear. CICCERONE.

Art in Boston.

BOSTON, April 9.

THE handsome, ruddy façade of the Museum of Fine Arts—the latest born pet of our aristocracy of Culture—is now completed, and the effect in this climate on the decoration of a large building with terra-cotta may be determined. Unlike Trinity Church, (built by Richardson and decorated by Cottier and LaFarge of your city),—its vis-à-vis over the square and the rival new show piece of odd and sumptuous architecture in the fashionable Back Bay or West End of Boston—the Art Museum is wholly of Boston conception and execution. The inspiration undoubtedly came from England, from the Kensington influence, whence indeed all this hopeful renaissance—of which you, dear AMATEUR, are the latest fruit—has undoubtedly sprung. The architects were Sturgis and Brigham, the first named of whom has many relations with England through his family; his younger brother was the author of the charming social story in Blackwood a while ago, "John a Dreams," and spends half his time in the old country. We pride ourselves on our English blood in Boston, and take kindly to anything authentically English. We had the now pervasive "Pinafore" months before it was ever—or hardly ever—heard of in New York, and we have, I think, the first terra-cotta building in America. As laid into the brick walls of the Museum in broad entablatures, enclosing, in two of the main panels, large bas-reliefs of allegorical designs, it has the effect at a little distance of a rich pigment, and the ornate and warm-colored surface thus produced conveys the idea of a great casket or treasure-house, embellished according to the preciousness of its contents. Seen through the vista of one of the broad streets of opulent residences, it glows afar off with the deep red which the English school of decorative art has taught us to admire, and to which we are taking with heartiness after our long, thin diet on Puritan grays and whites. The architecture has that greatest of all architectural merits of telling at once the purpose of the building. Only one side of the hollow square which it will form when completed is now finished. The last half of this side—the front—was added during the past year. The Museum trustees one day last Spring announced that they would like \$100,000 for this purpose, and \$125,000 were subscribed within a week.

The Museum management is particularly partial to your special branch of art, Mr. Editor, decorative art as distinguished from painting. Our painters have never been pleased with the amount of money and attention lavished by the Museum on textile fabrics—"stuffs and nonsense," as they call them. I suspect the fact that a little money goes a great way towards filling walls and cases is at the bottom of this partiality, and that the Museum depends upon the bequests of our wealthy private picture owners to find it in paintings by-and-by, though, indeed, it possesses a very tolerable representation of each of the great schools of painting, in some two hundred works, ancient and modern, from Rubens to Duveneck. But it is really strong in tapestry, Persian fabrics, embroideries, altar cloths, stalls, old sculptured wood, (one room is entirely fitted around in carved oak of the sixteenth century, giving the upper and lower panels, ceiling, moulding, cornice, figures, etc., of an old English manor hall), porcelain cloisonné, Japanese and Chinese art and bric-à-brac, in rich profusion. Three magnificent specimens of tapestry, once the property of King Louis Philippe, two of them twenty feet by twelve, one worth a journey to see. The Flemish tapestry, arras and Gobelin are also famous pieces.

The schools of the Museum have the basement rooms for work, and the run of the whole Museum and its treasures for inspiration—"the atmosphere of art" and models. There are schools of drawing and painting, day and evening, for drawing from the cast and the model (made for the men's night classes), and schools of art needlework, carving, modeling, china and tile painting, and lace making. The school of painting and drawing has had about 170 pupils, and that of art needlework 184. A committee of artists skilled in crewel work selects the designs employed in the latter school. The pupils are admitted on consideration that they work a length of time equal to their instruction on orders for embroidery. Some of the work of this school goes to adorn Newport villas the coming season. The carving in wood and stone here is quite different from that practised in the Cincinnati school, eschewing the flat and superficial, and pushing boldly for the high relief employed in sumptuous carved furniture and statuary. The school of modeling in clay is under the instruction of no less an artist than Dr. Rimmer, who has no superior as a lecturer on art anatomy in the world.

The painting and drawing classes also have admission to his lectures, but are under the direct instruction of Prof. Otto Grundmann, a native of Dresden and a graduate of the Antwerp school, assisted by Mr. Stone, of the Munich school, and others. This reminds me that you in New York, who have been incautiously admiring Messrs. Shirlaw, Chase, Duveneck, and the rest of the Munich school, must make haste to educate your opinions to the standard of the latest dicta from Boston, viz.: that nothing good can come out of Germany. Mr. Fred. P. Vinton, of this city, who has made the art sensation of the season here, in a dashing portrait of Thomas G. Appleton, a local Mécenas of art (purchaser the other day in New York of the Janagra figurines, which are now in our Art Museum, the gem of its already good collection of Greek statuary, in casts), made the following pronouncement, in a Saturday-night lecture before the Boston Art Club, last month:

"Muncacsy has profited by his long residence in France, to break away, in a measure, from German influence, and he is the greatest of them all. Makart's great, false decorative machines inspire me with such a repugnance, that I am prepared to say that I consider them the most vicious things in modern art. Germany never has produced many great painters—I had almost said none at all; but Holbein was a German and Dürer also. Menzel, Knaus, Diez, Richter, Achenbach, Gebhardt, Piloty, Deffregger, Max, Leibl, and so on through the list, are one and all mediocre, by comparison. This may seem an unfair estimate of the art work of a great country like Germany. I simply give it as my opinion, although I know it to be held by a great number of the best French masters, and by most of the clever painters I have met. Good reasons can be found, I think, for holding such opinions on German art. I do not care to go deeper into the subject than to state a few facts, which seem to me to be obvious, in looking carefully at their art exhibit. First, they seem to try in their ambitious works to express more than art is capable of expressing—a kind of illustrated metaphysical literature; and in works of lower order, they hardly ever rise above an anecdote. This makes a pleasant genre school, and all Germany is overrun with pictures of cottage life—wherein the painter thinks more of telling his little story than of painting well; and I cannot be far wrong in saying that one picture of this kind is a type of the whole class, and serves as a good example of the general coloring and manner of

treatment. Very fine drawing is rarely met with in this kind of art, and conventionalisms of every kind abound."

It is but just to add that Mr. Vinton divided his three or four years abroad about equally between Paris and Munich, and that his portrait of "Tom" Appleton partakes both of Munich and Bonnat, and is as "solid" and vivid a head as one often sees, only *too* clever and "bragging" in technic.

But Wm. M. Hunt, once a pupil of Couture and field-comrade of Millet, is our great prophet in art. He opened his studio to the public last week, and there were to be seen the sketches for his great work at Albany, and photographs of the completed cartoons in the Capitol there. The verdict of connoisseurs here is (without seeing the color on the walls of the Capitol) that Hunt has achieved his own masterpiece in this work, and that the "representations are connecting links between the art of the old world and that of the new."

The coming event in art here is the joint exhibition in the new wing of the Art Museum, by the Boston Art Club and the Museum. We hear of many contributions from your New York artists. It is a pity we could not secure the transfer of the Artists' League Exhibition hither from Philadelphia, to help wake up our lagging young men and shake up our conservative old ones. The picture sales by the former, show most of them to be trudging along dismally and mechanically in their old ruts. The spirit of the latter is illustrated in the incident that the only new thing in the way of paintings which is to celebrate the house-warming in the new wing of the Museum is the christening of one of the rooms the "Allston" room—Allston, the decadence of whose fame the latest "artist biography" only hastens—and the turning of the present hall for painting over to the eternal "textile fabrics."

GRETA.

THE RESTORATION OF PRINTS.

The following is a simple but effectual remedy for cleaning or restoring engravings which have been injured by age, damp, or other cause: Provide two soft sponges, and then selecting a flat surface—a table, or, if available, a marble slab—place thereon a sheet of white paper larger than the print about to be treated. Take the engraving and carefully damp it on both sides with a wet sponge. Fill a pint measure with cold water, and in this put some chloride of lime and oxalic acid in nearly equal proportions; but it will be seen when the mixture is right, from the fact of the liquid turning magenta color.

With this mixture well saturate the injured engraving, continuing the application until every mark or stain is removed, and then sponge off freely with pure cold water.

This, in all ordinary cases, will be found to be a remedy as certain as it is easy of application; and, although, in our experience, we find it better afterwards to mount the engraving on calico, on a stretching frame, that, of course, is an optional process.

Art Notes.

HOME.

A daughter of Innes, the artist, is to be married to Hartley, the sculptor.

S. G. W. Benjamin one of our cleverest marine painters, by his literary contributions to the magazines, is also proving himself to be an agreeable writer.

Ezekiel, the Virginia sculptor, has designed a colossal bronze bust for the John Hopkins monument in Baltimore. The whole monument will be fifteen feet high.

D. W. Tryon, the Hartford artist, now in Paris, sent a capital picture, "Twilight over the Meadows," to the late exhibition of the Society of American Artists in this city.

The spring exhibition of the Brooklyn Art Association opened on April 23, to continue for two weeks. There is no charge for admission, except during the first three days.

Frank M. Boggs, whose contribution to the last Brooklyn exhibition drew down the critics upon his devoted head, is about to sail for Europe. He will probably remain in Paris until September.

Matthew Wilson, of Philadelphia, is painting a full length portrait of Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury, under Thomas Jefferson. The portrait is to be hung in the Treasury Department at Washington.

Strafford Newmarch, an English artist, who has been one of the Brooklyn colony for a year or so, has finished a charming little rustic scene of the Hudson: a brook rattling down a stony descent on its way to the river.

Charles E. Porter, a negro artist of Hartford, is said to make admirable pictures of flowers, fruit, butterflies and other insects, and to have a finesse and accuracy of touch that would do credit to the microscopic finish of the old Flemish painters.

Thomas Jensen, of Brooklyn, has just finished a life-size, three-quarter length portrait of Mrs. George Brush. The flesh tints are tender and delicate, and the accessories of costume are treated with much skill. The picture is probably his best work.

At a recent sale of paintings in Boston, at Williams & Everett's picture gallery, a Van Schendel sold for \$1,115; a Daubigny for 1,150; an Achenbach for \$1,110; a Schreyer for \$2,800; a Jacquand for \$1,510; a Verboeckhoven for \$1,350, and a Leys for \$1,010.

J. B. Whittaker, of Brooklyn, has on his easel an interesting picture he calls, "Thoughts of the Future." It represents a young woman, with refined features, who is gracefully poised on a cushioned divan with an open letter in her hand. Her eyes, full of hope, are upturned as if she were lost in delightful reverie caused by perusing the letter.

An excellent paper on American Silverware in Europe, entitled "An American Wedge," by Mr. Edwin C. Taylor, published in a recent number of "The International Review," has been reprinted in pamphlet form. Some extracts from the article which we intended to use are unavoidably crowded out of this number. The publishers are A. S. Barnes & Co.

Boston has abolished its Kindergarten, besides reducing the amount of geometrical drawing in the grammar schools and the number of evening drawing schools. Only two special teachers of drawing are allotted for next year. This is quite a retirement from the advanced position taken by Boston on the subject of drawing in the public schools—a confession, in fact, that it is not worth while to teach drawing to everybody, or indeed to any but those who show a decided natural genius for it.

Prof. Comfort, Dean of the Syracuse University, has arranged an eleven weeks' excursion to Europe, this summer, of unusual attractions. The route of travel will include the chief art centres, the places of greatest historic interest, and the regions of most romantic and sublime scenery in Europe. During the voyage to Liverpool, in the "City of Berlin," the professor will deliver several short lectures on art. He will also attend the party on their visits to museums, galleries and churches.

John Cocks, of Brooklyn, who forsook sculpture for painting, has lately developed a strong fancy for animal life, especially horses, and shows some excellent work. He favors the French school in color, and usually selects scenes from every-day life; a traveling tin peddler, bargaining over a rustic fence with the buxom and frugal house-wife, while his old horse contentedly munches oats from the nose-bag; or a group of children playing about an abandoned stage-coach, or attempting to capture a steady going old cart horse, who, knowing his duty, or standing on his reserved rights possibly, refuses to budge for all their pushing and whacking.

The Ladies' Art Association is doing good work in its efforts to develop artistic taste among women and children. It aims to qualify teachers of drawing for schools and colleges, and to find them positions, and also to organize industrial art classes for boys and girls. When its resources will permit, the association proposes to have a building fitted up with studios to connect with the departments, and to rent them to members on low terms. Initiation fees have been abolished, active membership fees are reduced to \$2.00 yearly, associate fees to \$3.00, and teachers' fees 30 cents a month. A children's class is to be opened at Jersey City Heights, and one in Brooklyn; and there is to be a branch of the Ladies' Art Association in Brooklyn, where classes are soon to be formed.

FOREIGN.

The daughter of M. Grévy, President of the French Republic, is a clever landscape painter.

Seymour Haden is delivering a course of lectures upon etching, at the Royal Institution, London.

"Progress" commends highly a painting by P. L. Senat, representing a view of the Scheldt, near Antwerp, by twilight.

Herr Joachim, the famous violinist and the original of "Charles Auchester," is described as a short, handsome, gentle, benevolent-looking man of middle age.

Haden holds the etcher worthier than the engraver, inasmuch as the first often transcribes direct from nature, whereas the engraver is content to copy a work of art.

The great picture of Milton and his Daughters, painted by Munkasy, and exhibited at the late Paris Exposition, has been sold for the sum of \$40,000. It goes to Vienna.

The daughter of Millais, the painter, is to be married to Lieut. W. C. James, of the Scots Grays, who is away fighting the Zulus. Her beautiful face has often served her father for a model.

The silver-mounted ebony distaff, with which the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette relieved the tedium of her captivity, and which was shown at the late Paris Exposition, has been returned to its present owner, the Emperor of Austria.

Among the remaining works of the late E. M. Ward, R. A., recently sold in London, were some sketches from life of various authors at their desks—Dickens, Thackeray, Lord Macaulay, Hallam, &c.

Antonio Tandardini, the sculptor, who was a juror for Italy, at the Centennial Exhibition, died in Milan, recently, aged 40 years. He served in Garibaldi's campaigns and afterward devoted his whole time to his art.

Rubinstein is likely to lose his sight; he is now under treatment in Dresden. It is said that his memory is so surprising and his knowledge of his instrument so perfect, that even should he become blind, it would interfere but little, if at all, with his performances.

Millais, for a wonder, is behind hand with his principal for the Royal Academy this season. He has been altering the composition, on the advice, it is said, of the Princess Louise, Queen Victoria's artist daughter, who told him that his figure was out of drawing.

The York Fine Art Exhibition, to be opened May 1st., will include the Duncombe Park pictures, which so narrowly escaped destruction by fire. Among them is Hogarth's "Garrick as Richard III.," a fine Rembrandt, two beautiful Salvators, and numerous other paintings of value.

Mme. Judic, the popular French actress, is about to be glorified by M. Emile Wauters, who is painting a portrait of her, in costume, as she appears in the third act of "Ninicho," showing her in stays and yellow satin trousers. M. Wauters holds the Belgian medal of honor for historical painting.

The South Kensington Museum has acquired a fine piece of Italian decorative sculpture recently found at Padua, and attributed to Donatello. It is a well preserved sarcophagus of gray stone, carved at each end with the figure of an angel, while at the top a draped female figure, life size, is recumbent.

Emanuel Leutze's picture, "The Reception of Columbus by Ferdinand and Isabella upon his second return from America," containing over fifty portraits, is on exhibit at Teubner's art rooms in Philadelphia. Leutze died in 1868. His painting "Western Emigration" is familiar to visitors at the Capitol in Washington.

Eugène Faure, a French artist, best known as a portrait painter, died recently. His "Eve" received a medal in 1864, and was bought by the Duke of Morny. Faure received a medal at the late Exposition for "La Source" and two portraits, and he was also awarded a medal in 1872.

Signor Folli has a counterpart in a new basso, who is creating a sensation in Italy. The papers are loudly singing the praises of the stranger, and the municipalities are even conferring honorary citizenship upon him. Signor Omani, as the gentleman is "billed," is believed to be an Irishman, for he sings with a rich Hibernian accent. He is credited with a voice of great breadth, depth and richness.

Hector Berlioz, whose music is now very popular in Paris, was one of those who wrote "for the future." In his own day but few would hear him, and still fewer believed in him. He died a poor, miserable old man. If his spirit can revisit the glimpses of the moon he may find some satisfaction in witnessing the enthusiasm of Parisian audiences over his charming music, which they once utterly failed to comprehend.

The Earl of Lonsdale's collection of pictures, decorative furniture and porcelain was recently sold in London for £27,204. "The Laughing Girl," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, brought 1,300 guineas, and his "Robinetta" 1,000 guineas; Gainsborough's "Horses Watering at a Trough" was sold for 1,300 guineas, and four water colors by De Wint varied from 600 to 1,350 guineas.

Another of the French painters, Thomas Couture, is dead. His great picture of "The Romans of the Decadence" was remarkable for its vigor and correctness, as well as for its splendid color. It is surprising that Couture should have sat down contented with the triumph it brought him. Of late years he devoted much of his time to teaching. He was sixty-four when he died.

Etching as an art is steadily advancing in general esteem. Two famous pictures—Rembrandt's "Mill," the property of Lord Lansdowne, and Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," in the possession of the Duke of Westminster—are about to be etched on an important scale by the competent hands of MM. Walkner and Brunet-Debaines respectively. In times past the etching needle would have been deemed an inadequate instrument for the reproduction of these works; the aid of the burin would assuredly have also been invoked.

The royal plate at Windsor includes a gold service ordered by George IV., for 140 persons, one of the finest wine coolers in the world, a shield formed of snuff boxes, worth £9,000, and thirty dozen plates, worth £10,000, all added by the same monarch. There are also many pieces brought from abroad and from India. Among the latter is a peacock of precious stones of every kind, worth £30,000, and a Tippoo's footstool, a tiger's head with crystal teeth and a solid ingot of gold for his tongue. The whole collection is valued at £1,800,000.

Orchardson, R. A., has limited himself to a single picture. This is a last-century gambling scene, brilliant yet delicate in color, and exquisitely elegant in drawing and composition. Three men are seated at a table; the victim is at the door, in the act of leaving the room, cleaned out. One of the players is mechanically shuffling a pack of cards; he has taken off his wig to relieve his

head after a night-long game; another represents the "sharper" element, and with his hand on the I O U he looks after the retreating figure of the youth to see whether he suspects foul play. A third is a jolly and reckless fellow who rather pities the loser, and seems to say: "Cheer up, old fellow; I've been that way myself."

Bridgman, Pearce, Blashfield, Willet, Parker, Ramsey, Bacon, Healy, and Miss Elizabeth Gardner are among the Americans in Paris who hope to have pictures in the coming exhibition of the Salon. Miss Gardner will show a girl at a well, drinking from a pitcher held by a woman. The subject and treatment are described as commonplace, the picture being much inferior to her "Ruth," which was a fine subject superbly handled. Bridgman will send his "Procession of Apis, the Sacred Ox." The drawing and color are said to be particularly fine, and show admirable technic. Henry Bacon will contribute "A Burial at Sea." Pearce will be represented by "Abraham's Sacrifice," a powerful and natural group.

Briton Rivière's principal Royal Academy picture, this year, "In manus tuas Domine," is the largest work he has painted. A young knight is riding through an enchanted forest; his horse and his dogs (three bloodhounds) are overcome with terror; but he holds up the cross of his sword as his defence, and goes unmoved. His second picture, "The Poacher's Widow," represents the woman sitting with bent head and clasped hands, on the bank by a field of barley. The moon is rising over a hill; the early night has called out of a fir-wood at some distance the hares and rabbits; pheasants are moving about in the barley; all the creatures at the price of which her husband's life was rated are about her in plenty. Mr. Rivière appends to his picture an indignant verse of Kingsley's. His third canvas is "A Winter's Tale," a pathetic group of a little girl, who has been found by two collie-dogs, lying in the snow, with her lantern.

Among the Dealers.

AMERICAN SILVER IN EUROPE.—Every question has two sides, and while on one, bonanza troubles and Emma Mine difficulties, not to speak of the noble silver dollar, tarnish a little the brilliant surface of our metal; on the other, our success as silversmiths reflects with lustre on a degree of excellence we have attained in craftsmanship which Europe was far from prepared to give us credit for. New York, situated about half-way between Europe and Japan, seems to be the place where Japanese art has been grafted with the most success. All the art papers of the Old Continent—from the luxurious publication "L'Art," from the hypercritical "Gazette des Beaux-Arts," down to the most unpretending local publications—do justice to the taste and skill displayed by Messrs. Tiffany in assimilating the methods of work of these cunning Orientals with the ornamental necessities of our civilization, and judiciously selecting what was adaptable, without torturing the public taste by inflicting upon it all the terrible dragons and bamboo twigs, mixed up by ambitious though unintelligent artists, who think that the more they mix the more the result will be Oriental. The compositions of the Tiffanys are, on the contrary, marked by simplicity and boldness of form; the decorations are an outgrowth of the subtle appreciation of the Japanese of contrast and effect, and the sensible use they make of nature, with their simple and truthful application of plants, blossoms, flowers, and other natural objects, has a freshness and charm which is quite a relief after the ponderous and unmeaning mannerism of the old styles of decoration. Tiffany & Co. have adopted the Japanese theory of decorative design, never to let the slightest opportunity to produce an effect escape. Thus the blow from the hammer, the unequal fusion of metals, the incrusting of one into another—even to the knealing together of alloys of different colors—the use of gold, silver, platinum amalgams of different tints and colors produced by chemical agents, have all been worked into decorative effects of high artistic value, without forgetting that if common sense is the master of the world, as La Rochefoucauld has it, it is, "a fortiori," the best teacher in decorative art. Perhaps nowhere but in the United States could such an establishment exist; giving employment to hundreds of skilled workers, and yet disposing of all its manufactures at retail, doing no wholesale business and having no agents anywhere. The establishment in Union square is a museum of itself, and more select examples of domestic or foreign manufacture can be seen there in one hour, than in many years of travel outside. But to return to our subject. The display made at the Paris Exhibition secured for the house the grand prize for silverware, the gold medal for jewelry, several medals in bronze, silver and gold, given to the artists and artisans of the house, and the cross of the Legion of Honor for its founder and president, Mr. C. L. Tiffany. This glorious trophy of awards, although it caused many a heart-ache to European manufacturers, was unanimously awarded to these enterprising men, who have endowed American silver with an artistic value which places it far above the fluctuations of the market. It is singular to think that America, which has an undeniable reputation for being sharp and matter-of-fact in business, which rather repelled the idea of associating fictitious value with precious metal, should be just the country to carry off, in the face of the whole world, the first prize for endowing silver with that artistic beauty which makes its intrinsic worth a matter of much inferior importance. An important exhibit was that of a complete service for twenty-four persons, made to order, of silver from the customer's own mine. This service is unique for originality of the design, which is a combination of Oriental styles, producing richness and harmony of effect, while preserving perfect unity of character.